REFLECTIONS

UPON

TWO PAMPHLETS

Lately Publiſhed;

One called, A LETTER from Monſieur *de Cros*, concerning the MEMOIRS of *Chriſtendom*.

And the Other,

An ANSWER to that Letter.

Pretended to have been written by the Author of the ſaid MEMOIRS.

By a Lover of Truth.

IMPRIMATUR,

April 21ſt. 1693. EDWARD COOKE.

LONDON.

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BIBLIOTHECA · ROLLIANA

REFLECTIONS ON A LETTER

From Monſieur *de Cros*, &c.

I Was very glad when I heard that one Monſieur *de Cros* had publiſhed an Anſwer to a late Book, Entituled, *Memoirs of what paſs'd in* Chriſtendom, *&c.* And could not but expect ſome conſiderable Diſcoveries in thoſe Affairs and Intriegues, from a perſon who thought himſelf a Match for Sir *W. T.* Beſides, I hoped it might have had this good Effect, to move that Author in his own defence to oblige us once more with his Pen. This was ſufficient to make me buy this Pamphlet greedily, as I do moſt others; which tho very often they entertain one ill enough, yet ſerve in general for ſome amuſement amidſt the Noiſe and Hurry of a dirty Town.

But when I had read it over, I ſoon found my ſelf deceived in the firſt; and have now loſt all hopes of the other, ſince I have waited above two months in that Expectation, whereas two days were ſufficient, had that Author thought fit to take any notice of ſuch a Trifle, which makes me now deſpair of it; and as I perceiv'd the Town never looked for any ſuch thing; ſo all I meet with, either in Coffee-houſes, or Ordinary Converſation, have ſuch deſpicable Thoughts of this Letter, that I now begin to find I never had any reaſon to expect it at all. For in truth, the whole Letter ſeems to me only deſign'd

to *Banter* Fools or Children, and to be written by a man who had loſt all Reſpect to the Publick, whom he thinks fit to entertain with ſuch wretched ſtuff, which certainly he could not pretend ſhould either pleaſe or inſtruct any Reader, who had not as much malice, and as little Wit as himſelf. For beſides Railing and Foul Language, his whole Letter from the beginning to the end is an errant Sham, and has nothing in it. 'Twas therefore in vain to imagine Sir *W. T.* would deſcend ſo much below himſelf, to take any notice of ſo fulſome a Libel; and I do not believe either *de Cros*, or the kind Writer of the *Advertiſement* after the Letter, did ever expect it.

For firſt, If Sir *W. T.* be ſuch a Philoſopher, as he ſeems to be by his *Eſſay upon the Gardens of* Epicurus, as well as ſeveral others; he muſt infinitely contradict the Ideas thoſe Writings have given of him, if ſo ſordid and inſipid a Trifle as this Letter of *de Cros* could have any power to provoke him, tho it were but to ſcorn it.

Beſides, if he be ſo proud a Perſon, as *De Gros* is pleaſed to call him; certainly, while he remembers his own Quality, and the great Employments he has paſſed through with ſo much Honour to himſelf, and ſuch important Services for his Prince and Country, ſuch thoughts will never allow him to enter the Liſts with one, who to ſay no more, has owned himſelf in his Letter to be *Un Moin Defroquè*, which none who underſtand the leaſt of the *French* Tongue, need be told, is the loweſt and moſt profligate Character that can be given a Man. I ſuppoſe the reaſon of it is, becauſe he who has once broke his Vow to God, there are People enough apt to believe he will never regard any he makes to them.

A third Reaſon is, Becauſe his Letter is indeed unanſwerable; and Proſecution would be as little neceſſary to him, as to one that pleads guilty at the Bar; for he owns over and over, every Line of the Charge that

that he pretends is laid againſt him; ſays not one word, either to defend or extenuate it; does not contradict the leaſt point in the Memoirs he pretends to Anſwer; nor lays one ill Action to Sir *W. T*'s Honour. So that there remains but one way to Anſwer this Letter with any Rule or Juſtice, and that is, to gather all the cleanly Language one can pick up at *Billingſgate*, and bring it in its natural Reeking to the Preſs, and ſo make up a ſhort, but ſweet Pamphlet, ſet out with a Bead-roll of ſuch Pearls, as are always to be found among the Oyſter-women.

A fourth Reaſon is, Becauſe that Book which goes by the Name of Sir *W. T*'s *Memoirs*, as one ſees by the Publiſher's Preface, has been printed wholly without his Knowledg or Conſent: For in the very firſt lines he plainly intimates he had his Copy from no Man then alive: And a known Writer ſince, who pretends to have inquired into that matter, aſſures us, the Publiſher had it lying by him ſeveral years before it was publiſhed; nor can I find by my own beſt Inquiries, that Sir *W. T.* has ever own'd it. And tho I may believe, like others, that he muſt have writ them, by that excellent Stile, that ſtrength and clearneſs of Expreſſion, as well as by that Spirit and Genius which ſo brightly ſhines through the whole, and is peculiar to that Author above others of his Age; and beſides, becauſe I ſuppoſe no Man elſe was capable of knowing or diſcovering ſo much of theſe Tranſactions; yet ſince they have ſtollen into Publick againſt his will, and his privity, it is not to be imagined he ſhould defend a thing he does not reckon as his own; and therefore if *de Cros*, or the honeſt *Tranſlator*, had found themſelves injured, their reſentments had been more juſtly levelled at the Publiſher, than the ſuppoſed Author.

By all theſe Reaſons, 'tis eaſy to believe, that a Perſon of Sir *W. T*'s Character and Honour, and whoſe Reputation is ſo firmly eſtabliſhed in the World, will never

never fall so low to oppose himself against the Scurrilous Reproaches of so foul-mouth'd a Railer; 'twould be like a set Duel between a strong Man well-arm'd, and a poor wretched Cripple. The Quarrel therefore will be more properly turn'd over to the rest of Mankind; for tho the venom of *this* be too weak to reach where it aim'd; yet all those who have any regard for Truth or Justice, for Learning or Virtue, or even for good Manners and common Civility, must think themselves concern'd in a Quarrel, where they find so notorious a breach of them all.

'Tis fit therefore so ignominious a Libeller should be exposed in his proper Colours, of an infamous, slandring, and unprovok't Railer; which tho his own Letter has plentifully done, yet 'twill be very proper to point to several places in it, where it is most remarkable.

For my own part, I will confess, I have been a great Reader of all Sir *W. T*'s Writings, and perhaps may have doated on some of them, especially, *That Immortal Essay on Heroick Virtue*, as one Writer since has deservedly called it; and that other upon *Poetry*, and even on this of the *Memoirs*. And finding Common Fame, wherever I had met it, agrees so well with the Picture these Pieces had given me of him, I will own to have had a very great Honour for the Author, as well as for his Books, and could not but esteem both a great deal the more for this Letter of *de Cros*, when I found that the triple-corded Malice of the *Writer*, the *Translator*, and the *Advertiser*, had not given one lash either to the Honour of the Person, or the truth of his Books. And all this put together, has in very truth given me so much Spight and Indignation, that I could not refrain entring on the *Pamphletiers* Trade, which I never did before, nor ever thought I should have done at all: And but for this Provocation, could have been very well satisfied to have lived on without the itch of seeing how I look

in

in Print; ſo that I may truly ſay for this, as the Poet does for his Verſes,

——— *Facit Indignatio Verſus.*

Before I enter upon obſerving what *de Gros* ſays concerning Sir *W. T.* which takes up the greateſt part of his Letter, and leaves him either no Room, or no Memory for the *Memoirs* he pretends to Anſwer; I ſhall firſt examine what he ſpeaks of himſelf, and in his own defence, againſt what he takes himſelf to be charged with.

He begins, p. 10. *There arrived* (ſays he, quoting the *Memoirs*) *at that time from* England, *one whoſe Name was* de Cros. Upon this he falls immediately into a Scurrilous Chafe. Now, one would wonder what ſhould make the Man ſo offended to be called by his own Name, or what would have become of Sir *W. T.* if he had call'd him out of his Name, which is indeed commonly thought an injury, but not the other, as ever I heard of before; yet he reckons it a terrible one to himſelf and his Family, which he tells us is *a good one*; I know not whether he means the *de Gros*'s, or the *Monks*. The firſt I muſt confeſs, I never heard of in *France*, but the other is indeed a great one abroad, and a good one at home. But whatever he would have us think of the Goodneſs of his Family, I will never believe, by what little underſtanding I have of Heraldry, that any *Gentleman* would either write ſuch a Letter, or *Tranſlate* it, tho it were only out of the common Reſpect that is due to the Memory of a Great King, whoſe Perſon Sir *W. T.* has ſo often repreſented, and in ſo high a Character.

But to proceed; *That he was formerly a* French *Monk* (as the Memoirs call him), he confeſſes, and owns beſides (tho with a great deal of ill-will) that *He changed his Frock for a Petticoat*: For, tho he de-

nies it positively, *p.* 11. yet five Lines after, he has these words; *There was too great advantage to throw off my Frock for the Petticoat I have taken, not to do it; it is a Petticoat of a* Scotch *Stuff*, &c. I am glad it is of one so good as he mentions, and wish it were large enough to cover all his Shame: But whatever he says in the same Page, too malicious to be taken notice of here, of *Princesses, who have quitted the Veil for the Breeches* (tho, in that it self, I believe he is mistaken) yet all this will never serve to wipe off the Ignominy of *Un Moin Defroquè*: Upon which I shall only add, That the Marriage of a Monk, when stripp'd of his Frock, is not thought likely to mend the matter: And I believe men of all Religions will agree in the Opinion, That if a Monk leaves his Frock, he ought to do it for a *Gown*, rather than for a *Petticoat*; and if he leaves the Orders of one Church, should in decency continue in the Orders of that Church to which he professes himself converted.

As to his being a *Swedish Agent*, tho he is very angry the *Memoirs* should call him so; one cannot well discover by his Letter, whether he has a mind to grant it or no; however, he confesses, p. 13, 14. That *being Envoy from the Duke of* Holstein-Gottorp, *the Interests of his Master being inseperable from those of* Sueden, *he found himself engaged to be very much concerned in the Interests of that Crown; and that Monsieur* Van Beuninguen *believed, He was intrusted with some Affairs from thence.* Which amounts to the very same with what the *Memoirs* say, p. 335. That *he* (de Cros) *had a Commission from the Court of* Sueden *(or Credence at least) for a certain petty Agency in* England. This he says, *Is very Dirty.* Alas for the cleanly Gentleman! one would think he was afraid of fouling his Fingers, but he had a great deal more need have taken care of his mouth. By the way, I cannot but admire at the insufferable Impudence of the *English* Printer or Translator, who hath in the Title Page named

named this man, *An Ambaſſador at the Treaty of* Nimeguen; ſince in the ſeveral Accounts I have ſeen printed of that Treaty, there is not the leaſt mention of ſuch a Name any other way than in thoſe *Memoirs* he pretends to Anſwer. And 'tis doubtleſs very agreeable to think, that a man who gives himſelf ſo *good* a Character in his own Letter, ſhould make ſo great a one in ſo Auguſt an Aſſembly as that is recorded to have been: And he himſelf in his whole Letter, arrogates no other beſides that of Envoy Extraordinary from the Duke of *Holſtein-Gottorp* into *England*, who was a Prince at that time wholly diſpoſſeſs'd of His Dominions.

Another Paſſage in the Memoirs which he takes ſadly to heart, is in the ſame *Pag.* 335. as follows: *At* London *he had devoted himſelf wholly to Monſieur* Barillon, *the* French *Ambaſſador, though pretending to purſue the Intereſts of* Sweden: Againſt which he thus defends himſelf. Firſt, Letter, *pag.* 14. He abſolutely denies it; and ſays in the next, *He fell out with Monſieur* Barillon *for three Months, becauſe he diverted the King of* England *from taking into his conſideration the Intereſts of* Sweden. And *pag.* 16. He ſays further; *That Monſieur* Barillon *put all in practice to ſift him to the bottom* (concerning the *Swediſh* Affairs) *nevertheleſs all the Offers of this Ambaſſador proved ineffectual, and wrought nothing upon this man* (meaning himſelf) *who if a man would give credit to Sir* W. T. *was entirely devoted to Monſieur* Barillon, *and yet Monſieur* Barillon *found him not to be corrupted or bribed.* All this would be an Account good enough of his Innocence in that point, if it had not the misfortune to be ſo ill plac'd. 'Tis indeed a good way back to the fifth Page of his Letter: And therefore what he ſays there, one may by the help of a little Charity, impute to the ſhortneſs of his Memory. Theſe are his Words: *I have had the happineſs during ſome years, to partake in the confidence of a Miniſter of State*, &c. And a little after;

Sir W. T. *may well imagine that I did not ill improve this able Minister's Confidence, when he tells us, that I had wholly devoted my self to him.* But then how comes it, that in the same 15*th* page, where he twice endeavours to defend himself against this Imputation, he should make such a Blunder as to say, *But yet I must confess, that at such time as he (Monsieur* Barillon*) stickled for my Master's Interest, and that of* Sweden, *I was* entirely devoted *to him*, &c.? After this, let the Reader judge, whether *de Cros* does not confess at least as much, if not more in this Point, than the Memoirs charge him with: And it is to be observed from the same Book, that at the very time *de Cros* speaks of, *France* had taken into its Protection the Interests of *Sweden*, which it seem'd for some Months before to have very little regarded.

But nothing touches him so nearly as the following Passage in the same 335*th* page of the Memoirs: *This man brought me a Pacquet from Court, commanding me to go immediately away to* Nimeguen. Upon which, says he, *Pag.* 16. *Sir* W. T. *has a mind to make men believe that I was only sent into* Holland *to carry him a Dispatch from the Court.* This passage has so fiercely gall'd him, that he is set a railing for six pages together; and the affront is, that he should be taken for an ordinary Courier, or Messenger. Had a dozen Wasps setled on his Tongue, they could not have swell'd or infus'd more Poison in it; he frets and foams at the mouth, and spatters so much Dirt on all sides, that it is not safe following him. In short, he takes it so heinously to be reckoned a Common Courier, that one could not have netled him more, had one call'd him a Post, or a Post-horse. I cannot imagine why any such words in the *Memoirs*, should put a man into so much passion: And for my part, both in this and all the rest, I see but one reason why he is angry; and that is, *Because he is angry.* However, against this grievous Imputation,

he

he defends himſelf by this ſtrong Argument; That *he was not ſent over on purpoſe to deliver the Diſpatch to Sir* W. T. *but for ſomething of greater importance, which he knows himſelf, and will not tell any body.* Wherein I think he acts very diſcreetly; and I do not doubt, but the beſt way to give any Reputation to his mighty Secrets, is to hinder them from taking Air: Tho had he done us the favour to diſcover but one of all thoſe he boaſts ſo much of, it would perhaps have been the moſt effectual way to raiſe our expectation of the reſt. He would indeed make us believe, that in five Hours time he ſtay'd at the *Hague*, he had made ſome mighty Turn of State by his Negotiations there; which if there be any truth in it, we will grant him to have been not only an *Agent*, but a *Conjurer*; and from the ſtrange Effect of his Conduct in that ſtrange *Adventure of five hours*, we may hope one day to ſee a *Tragedy of that Name*, as there has been a *Comedy* already. But till he thinks fit to make more important Diſcoveries, he will pardon our ſuſpenſe in that modeſt Opinion he has of himſelf, That doubtleſs he ſhould publiſh more juſt and ſolid *Memoirs* than Sir *W. T.* if he would ſet about it. But I obſerve he deſires *My Lord to take notice, that Sir* W. T. *confeſſes it was* De Cros *procured this Diſpatch.* I find when men are very angry, that Truth is the leaſt thing they regard: For this is more than ever I could obſerve after reading thoſe *Memoirs* with more care and application than I am ſure his good humour would ever permit him; and in *pag.* 336. find theſe Words: *How this Diſpatch by* De Cros *was gain'd, or by whom, I will not pretend to determine.* Which *De Cros* has very politickly thus altered, *Letter, pag.* 18. *I will not pretend to determine by what means, and how* De Cros *obtained this Diſpatch.* But *pag.* 19. he forgets himſelf again, and ſays. *As for me, tho I had the diſpatch given me, yet he (Sir* W. T.) *does not accuſe me openly in*

this place of bearing any other part in this affair, than only as a Meſſenger intruſted with the Conveyance. But I ſuppoſe he never looked farther than his malice would give him leave, which is uſually very ſhort-ſighted.

But after all, 'tis not eaſily thought why he ſhould lay it ſo much to heart to be called a Courier, when the whole account he gives of his great Negotiations (beſides his being Envoy of the *Duke* of *Holſtein-Gottorp*) is, that he *was ſent by King* Charles *the Second into* Sweden *and* Denmark, *to haſten the Paſſports for the Congreſs at* Nimeguen: Which is all he tells us of his great Employments, and muſt be thought to have brought him into that intimacy and confidence he pretends with that great King, and for which he is pleaſed to make his Majeſty ſuch grateful Returns, and to form ſuch a Character of him as he does in his Letter.

For in the firſt place he tells us, *p.* 5. That *Monſ.* Barillon *was the* Primum Mobile *of that King's conduct, which ſurprized all the World.* Which is to affirm more of him than any of his diſcontented Subjects, the pretended Patriots of that Age. For it is to aſſert openly and poſitively what they only pretended to ſuſpect.

Again, Soon after the King had made the Peace with *Holland*, *De Cros* brings his Majeſty in, *p.* 23. ſpeaking to him in theſe Words: *Tell the King my Brother* (meaning the *French* King) *that it is much againſt my mind, that I have made peace with theſe* Coquins *the* Hollanders. And then a little before the concluſion of the Peace at *Nimeguen*, he delivers the King ſpeaking thus to Monſ. *Shrenburn* concerning the *Hollanders*; *In a little time Monſieur, I will bring theſe* Coquins *to Reaſon.* And in the ſame page he makes that Prince uſe the ſame Name to two great Miniſters, Monſ. *Barillon*, and Monſ. *De Avaux*. The former whereof he pretends to have been the firſt Mover of all His Majeſty's Councils. All which, if they be not abſolute Untruths, as from his plentiful Gift that way, I am very much inclined

clined to believe, yet are ſo far from ſhewing the *profound Reſpect* the Writer pretends to, for the Memory of that Prince, that being put together, they make up this malicious Character; That a King of *England* was guided in his Conduct by a *French* Embaſſador; That he made and obſerved his Treaties with ill-meaning, or with ill-intentions; and that he treated his chiefeſt Confident (whom he makes to be Monſ. *Barillon*) and another Embaſſador, with the greateſt ſcorn and contempt.

Beſides, he brings this noble Prince upon the Stage, acting a mean piece of Diſſimulation to cover his Confidence with ſo worthy a Perſon as Monſ. *de Cros*; 'tis concerning his Diſpatch ſo often mentioned into *Holland*; for being forc't to confeſs, that the King was angry with him at his return from thence; He plaiſters it up with ſaying, p. 25. *If the late King of* England *did not approve of my Conduct in the Affairs of* Nimeguen, *which in effect he declared in publick not to be pleaſed with, in which he plaid his part to admiration*, &c.

But ſince we have ſeen the Character he gives of him as a King, let us obſerve how he Treats His Majeſty as a *Mediator*, and how he Repreſents him ballancing the Affairs of *Chriſtendom* then in his hands. Firſt, *de Cros* tells us, This Diſpatch of his *was concerted with Monſieur* Barillon: For tho he ſays, That that Ambaſſadour had no hand in the beginning of it, yet he owns him in the ſame place to *have part of it when it was concluding*; and that *Monſieur* de Ruvigny *was diſpatcht by the King with an Account of it to the* French *Court the very ſame day that* de Cros *was ſent away for* Nimeguen. And *p.* 25. He tells us further, That *Prince* Rupert *askt him upon his Return, with a ſtern Countenance, If the Peace was concluded? and he anſwering in the Affirmative, the Prince cried out, O Diſſimulation!* And *p.* 28. he tells us, That the *Prince of* Orange (the Kings Nephew) *writ thundring Letters*

againſt

againſt him; *and all the Miniſters of the Confederates called for Vengeance*, &c. Yet after all theſe Marks of ſomething ſo very injurious to the *Allies*, and confidence to *France*, *The King* (ſays he, in the page laſt mentioned) *laughs in his Sleeve at the Surprize, at the Sorrow, and Complaints of the Confederates.* Which is to give us juſt ſuch a Character of a *Mediator*, as he did before of a *King*.

I leave it to all mens Judgment, whether more villanous Slanders could have been broached abroad by the worſt of this Prince's Enemies; and whether it be not a Scandal to our Country, that they ſhould be tranſlated and publiſhed in *Engliſh*. But ſince Monſieur *de Cros* is ſo bold with the Sacred Memory of a Great King, for which he is yet ſo Impudent, as to profeſs *a moſt profound Reſpect*; What can a *Subject* expect, for whom he owns ſuch a virulent Malice, and to whom he threatens ſuch open Revenge.

The ſame vein of truth and ſincerity ſhines through the whole Letter, and the Author's Ingenuity is at the old pitch in what he pretends to rake out of the *Memoirs* concerning ſeveral Perſons in great Employments; as the D. of *Lauderdale*, the preſent E. of *Rocheſter*, Sir *Joſeph Williamſon*, Sir *Lionel Jenkins*, and Monſ. *Beverning*. This *Conjurer*, in all he ſays of them, ſeems reſolved to raiſe up the Spirits of the Dead, to joyn with thoſe of the Living in the Quarrel with theſe *Memoirs*; and by ſuch diſtorted Conſequences, draws Characters of them, whereof there is no Apparition, but what he himſelf raiſes: So that the Characters he gives of theſe Perſons by ſuch falſe Deductions for Sir *W. T*'s, may juſtly be ſaid to be his own.

But from all I have obſerved in this Letter, I have wonder'd at nothing ſo much, as that impudent Vanity in the Writer, who endeavours to make himſelf and the World believe, that theſe *Memoirs* were intended chiefly againſt him, whoſe very name is hardly twice mentioned after theſe two Pages in the whole

Book,

Book, which does not pretend to give Characters of Persons, but only to relate things that were done, or words that were said; And the way to have made an answer with any Justice, had been to have laid Exceptions either against the one, or the other, whereof there is not one word in all this *Answer without any Answer*. However, so ridiculous is this mans Insolence, that he begins his Letter thus, *I have been informed of the Calumnies that Sir* W. T. *hath caused to be printed against me.* And p. 7. *He set upon me first, he writes out of a Spirit of Revenge*, &c. The senseless Arrogance of which I cannot think of; but it remembers me of the Fly on the Chariot-wheel. For he would fain make it to have been a piece of Revenge against him, for having brought that Dispatch to the *Hague*; and yet he lays it much to heart, that in that Affair he should only take him for a *Messenger*. And this indeed is to make him a very reasonable person, and like a man, that when he receives a blow, grows angry with the Stone by which it is given. But by all I can observe in these *Memoirs*, I do not find any thing which bears the least resemblance of Anger or Spleen, much less of Revenge against Monsr. *de Cros*; but so far from it, that in the very Passage he lays most to heart, of the Kings calling him *Rogue*, the *Memoirs* mention particularly, that His Majesty said it *pleasantly*, which he himself cannot forbear observing in his Letter.

Having thus long been considering how far he is provok'd, and how well he defends himself; 'tis time now to see how he attacks the Person whom he fancies his capital Enemy, and how the Play begins. 'Tis then in these words, *p.* 1. *I know very well that Sir* W. T. *is of great worth, and deserves well, and that he hath been a long time imployed, and that too upon important Occasions.* This is a piece indeed very much of a piece with all the rest. Now, in the name of wonder, what can be the meaning! I wot well enough, what he would be at in all the rest of his Letter; but the Sense, the Wit,

or the Deſign of theſe ſweet Lines, is not eaſy to deviſe. I confeſs, I ſee a good many Plays, and I believe I have read more, but never met before, ſo fair a Prologue to ſo foul a Farce. I have read ſomewhere of a Monſter among the Ancients, with a Virgins face, and all beſide, a Serpent; which holds exact Reſemblance here, unleſs *de Cros* ſhould object againſt it, becauſe Serpents have ſtings, and his Letter has none. However, if we will not grant him a *Conjurer*, as he would fain be thought, yet we cannot in Conſcience deny him to be a *Jugler*, ſince the firſt thing he preſents us with, is meer *ſlight of hand*; For he lays down a piece of *Gold* upon the Table, and immediately, *Preſto, 'tis gone*; and all we can ſee, is only half a dozen Pellets of *Dirt*. In ſhort, I am not able to reach what he means by ſo whimſical a beginning, and of ſo different a piece from every word that follows; unleſs that being reſolved to ſay nothing afterwards, which any body would believe, he thought fit to entertain us at firſt with three Lines he is ſure no body doubts.

But, to be ſerious. If Sir *W. T.* be *of great worth*, If *de Cros* either believes it himſelf, or would have any body elſe to do ſo, why is every word that follows, ſo contradictory to theſe? If he *deſerves well*, why is he uſed ſo very ill? Does *de Cros* underſtand what a man of *great worth* means? I doubt he does not, either by himſelf, or by ſuch Company, as ſo much good Language in all the reſt of his Letter, would make us believe he keeps. Can a man *of great worth*, and that *deſerves well*, be *Vain, Proud, Revengeful, Ungrateful to his Friend, Falſe to his Maſter*, and impertinently *Ambitious* in his very Retreat from all Publick Affairs? This is indeed a very worthy, and a very lively Character of a Man *of worth*. But is not ſuch ſtuff as this, juſt a ſputtering out, *Quicquid in Buccam venerit?* Like hot Porridge that burns his Tongue; tho 'tis pretty plain, that all his heat proceeds from the overflowing of his Gall within, and from nothing without. One would think

he

he has very well practiſed the old Rule of *Calumniare fortiter*; yet he has lamentably fail'd of the conſequence, *Aliquid inherebit*; for all the Dirt he endeavours to fling about, loves its own Element, and ſticks cloſe to his own Fingers. I never knew ſo unlucky a Gameſter to throw ſo often, and to be always out! What, not one hit! I think the devil's in the Dice; however, lets throw again, but firſt we'll change Dice, and if the good Morals of this Man of great worth will not paſs, let's try our luck at his Naturals. Sir *W. T.* (ſays my Gameſter) *has been often and long employ'd*; but he himſelf did *not know about what*; 'twas too, *upon very important occaſions*, but he did *not know why*, unleſs; becauſe, as *de Cros* tells us, *The King had an Averſion for him, and never truſted him*, how often ſoever he imployed him. This great Ambaſſador, to ſay the truth, is a very *Bubble*, and has as little Wit in ſome parts of the Letter, as Honeſty in the other. Good Lord, how this ſilly World is apt to be gull'd! What a Cheat, and what a Jilt this common Fame is! Who would have believed that the Author of the *Obſervations on the* Netherlands, and of the charming *Miſcellanea*, ſhould be ſuch a Cully, if *de Cros* had not made the diſcovery? but ſure he could never be Author of thoſe Books; doubtleſs he either hired ſome body to write them for him, or elſe ſome honeſt Bookſeller like his own, had got the Copies, and ſet Sir *W. T*'s name to them. *I would to God he had been ſo honeſt to ſet mine in the ſtead.*

But now we have heard the Charge, pray make room for the Evidence: Sir *W. T.* is the *proudeſt Man* in the World; and what are the proofs, or the Inſtances? Why, *de Cros* ſays it, and that's Demonſtration. He is ungrateful to his Friend, and why? Becauſe *de Cros* knows it. He is falſe to his Maſter, and the Reaſon's plain, *de Cros* pretends to believe it. He is *the moſt revengeful of Men*, for he calls *de Cros* by his *own Name*. He is of all men *the moſt Ambitious*, and *never did man deſire more to have a hand in Affairs*. This is beyond diſpute, for *de Cros* knows his thoughts, and tells us not only what he

ſays of others, but what he thinks of himſelf, and with equal truth. This is the *Conjurer* again, and with a witneſs he tells us further, *p.* 9. of men *whoſe ruin Sir* W. T. *deſires at the bottom of his heart*; where it is not to be queſtioned, but *de Cros* has been; and to put it beyond all doubt that he was ſo, he ſays, *p.* 13. That *Sir* W. T. *came once to render* him *a viſit at* his *Lodging*, and that *Monſ.* Olivencrants *the* Swediſh *Ambaſſador, was then at* his *Houſe*, which gives me a ſcruple, that the viſit might be meant to *him*, rather than to Monſ. *de Cros*. However this is all the inſtances I find of his Acquaintance with a Perſon whoſe heart he pretends to know ſo well, and with whom by all the reſt of his Letter, I ſhould be apt to judge he was the leaſt acquainted with, of any man in the World. But to cloſe all theſe Generals before we come to particulars; he tells us, *p.* 29. he knows ſomething of Sir *W. T.* upon the Subject of what paſſed between him and my Lord *Arlington, that makes* his *hair ſtand an end.* Alas, the poor Gentleman's in an Agony! Bleſs us all from ſprights! what a puny Conjurer is this! to raiſe a Spirit that ſcares no body elſe, and run into a hole for fear of it himſelf: He has formed ſo terrible an Image of Sir *W. T.* in his own little working Noddle, that he knows not were he is, nor what he does, but is all in a maze. However, this I am certain, that no man alive who has read the reſt of *de Cros*'s Letter, but will allow him to be one, that if he knew any thing ill of Sir *W. T.* would at leaſt be ſure not to tell it; we have his own word for it, p. 7. *My deſign is not at all, my Lord, to write you a Letter full of Invectives againſt Sir* W. T. And in another place, *That* (ſays he) *would not be like a Gentleman.*

But yet to give him his due, and as he ſays, p. 7. *To let everybody ſee* he *has means in* his *hands to be revenged*; there is one point, and that alone, where he brings his Proof, lays downs his Inſtance, and that out of the *Memoirs* themſelves; 'tis deſigned undeniably to convince the World of Sir *W. T*'s Vanity, of which he could give *my*

Lord

Lord many inſtances, but at preſent contents himſelf with one, and 'tis a thumping one. 'Tis the following Period, which I ſhall quote out of the *Memoirs*, a little more faithfully than he does in his Letter, which I was ſo curious to obſerve, by thinking the word [*Clutches*] to be no part of Sir *W. T*'s ſtile, and found he had taken a great deal of pains, to wreſt it as much as he could to his turn. It runs thus, *Mem.* p. 30. *This I ſuppoſe gave ſome occaſion for my being again deſigned for this Ambaſſy, who was thought to have ſome credit with* Spain *as well as* Holland, *from the Negotiations I had formerly run through at the* Hague, Bruſſels, *and* Aix la Chapelle, *by which the remaining part of* Flanders *had been ſaved out of the hands of* France *in the year* 1668. Now for my own part, I muſt confeſs my ſelf ſo giddy a Reader, and of ſo much inadvertency, that when I read that Paſſage, I took it for a ſingular piece of Modeſty, ſince the Author gives for a Reaſon, why the King choſe him for his ſecond Ambaſſy in *Holland*, becauſe he had been formerly employed in thoſe Countries, and not for any Perſonal Merit in himſelf; but *de Cros* is ſo great a Stranger to Modeſty, that we cannot blame him for not knowing it when he meets it; and ſince he has no other Accuſations of this kind, I muſt profeſs, I can diſcover nothing of Vanity in the whole *Series* of all thoſe Relations, nor can reckon for ſuch, the Author's not avoiding to ſpeak of himſelf any more than of other Perſons (when it came in his way) who had ſo great and ſo continual a part in the whole Courſe of that Story. In his other Works this Author I am ſure makes little mention enough of himſelf; and it were to be wiſht that Perſons ſo much employ'd in publick Buſineſs, would tell all their own Parts as well others Mens, and as nakedly as he ſeems to do in theſe *Memoirs*.

But the reaſon *de Cros* gives us, why he would have the World believe him in all he ſays againſt Sir *W. T.* is, Becauſe he is firſt attackt, and thereupon in great Paſſion and Rage, which will paſs for an admirable Argument,

that he designs to speak nothing but truth, and for a very cunning way of being believed; tho some men perhaps may think, that whatever is said in Passion, is but just so much of *nothing to the purpose*, and that it commonly makes a man in what he says or does, not only as peevish as a Wasp, but as blind as a Beetle. But if he will believe right or wrong, why will not he believe in his turn? And why is not he contented to *Give* as well as to *Take*? He will not allow that Sir *W. T.* might several times have been Secretary of State, when Mr. *Montague*, and Mr. *Sydney*, who are named (in *Memoirs p.*) to have been set on him by the Lord *Arlington* at that time to persuade him to accept it, are still alive, as well as my Lord Treasurer, who is mentioned, *Mem. p.* 273. to have written to him by His Majesty's Command to come over and enter on the Secretaries Office. And *p.* 385. 'tis further added, That Sir *W. T.* received the *King's own Orders to come immediately over, and enter upon that Office, and to acquaint the Prince and States with that Resolution*; which must of course have come to him through my Lord *Sunderland*'s hand, who *Mem. p.* 387. is said to have been brought into Sir *Joseph Williamson*'s place, and his Lordship being likewise still alive, can easily tell, whether this be true or no. Therefore, why does not *de Cros* himself, or some Friend for him (if he has any) enquire into the truth of these Passages which are told so positively, and wherein so many parties concern'd are still alive, tho most of them with other Titles. And indeed, tho it may be ill for Sir *W. T*'s private Satisfaction, that these *Memoirs* were printed against his Consent, and during his Life, which it appears was never intended; yet nothing could defend the Truth of them so much, as that so many Persons are yet alive, who had so great a part in all those Affairs there related, who are the best and most competent Judges of the Truth; and I never heard that any of them have yet contradicted the least part. But however, since the *Monk* has got into the *Infallible*

Chair,

Chair, he must be believed, there is no help, and we must like the *Welsh-man*, *Take her own word for it.* And so let him go away with all those apposite and choice Epithets he has given of this *most worthy* and *well-deserving* person, without where, or when, or why, or wherefore; For I am sure there is no way of replying to them; and he that would set about it, might as well resolve to write an Answer to a Leaf in *Textor*'s Epithets.

And thus I have with much ado rid my hands of a great part of *De Cros*'s Rubbish, as far as it endeavours to bespatter Sir *W. T.* in his Morals and Intellectuals. It remains now I should observe a little what he says concerning his Fortunes, which seems to turn upon these two rusty Hinges, that make as ill a noise as all the rest; the obscurity from whence he was raised to all those great Employments, and his disgrace upon leaving them, which *De Cros* says was immediately after his Return from *Nimeguen.*

For my own part I must confess I am neither old enough, nor have had Conversation in Courts, and with Publick Affairs, to give an account how Sir *W. T.* came into Business, or how he went out, any further than I could gather from Writings and Transactions which are publick and known to every body; or by particular enquiries from some Friends and Acquaintance of my own; and it has happened, that some of them have long known so much of that Family, as to assure me it is a very Ancient one: That Sir *W. T.* was born of a very Honourable Father, who was for many years of the Privy Council in *Ireland* to King *Charles* the First, and King *Charles* the Second, and was long possessed of one of the best Offices in that Kingdom, both for Honour and Profit; as likewise in his time a Member of several Parliaments in *England*: That his two younger Brothers are known to have lived always with plentiful Fortunes, and in much esteem: So that this Gentleman alone seems to have been born under the unluckiest Planet in the world, tho Heir to his Father's Fortune, and Successor to his Office,

Office, which was so considerable; yet he only of all his Family, was *in Obscurity*, and *lay in the Dust* (for so the *French* Letter has it) till my Lord *Arlington* raised him out of both; whose beams it seems were so refulgent, as to make him shine at that distance his Foreign Employments carried him to. My Friends have likewise assured me from their own remembrance and knowledge, that Sir *W. T.* shined as much in a Parliament of *Ireland* soon after the King's Restoration, as *De Cros* says he shined long in his Employments abroad; and this was several years before he came into any Foreign Employments. They told me likewise that he was very easy in his Fortune, not only by what he had from his *Father*, but from his *Lady*, to whom God be thanked (and it is very happy for her Ladyship that) *De Cros* says, he has no Quarrel. By all which, and the many Employments he since passed through, and of which in one of his Essays he says, he *never sought any*; in my weak conception I should think he was a person, that by the Circumstances of his Humour and his Fortune, needed the Court less than the Court needed him.

As to his going out from Publick Employments, which *De Cros* tells us was upon *the King's being so ill satisfied with his Conduct and Management of Affairs abroad, particularly those at* Nimeguen; that *he slighted him upon his return from thence, and made very little use of him.* I can give no other Account besides what I find of the Time and the manner in the *Epistle* before the *Memoirs*; only I find, by comparing the Date of his Return from *Nimeguen*, with that of King *Charles*'s Declaration upon his dissolution of the old Council, and selecting a new one, that Sir *W. T.* was a Member of that new and select Council; and it was the Common Town-talk at that time, that this Declaration was writ by him, and that he was in his Majesty's Chief Confidence upon that surprising Resolution, which was received with such Applauses, Bonfires, and other expressions of Joy in the City. Besides all this, having had some acquaintance among

Spanish

Spaniſh Merchants in Town, I came to know, that ſeveral of them about two years after, had recourſe to Sir *W. T.* upon his being then declared Ambaſſador Extraordinary to the Crown of *Spain*, by the King at Council, whereof he himſelf was then a Member. All which laid together, does moſt abundantly verifie what *De Cros* ſays of his being diſgraced upon his return from *Nimeguen*. But the beſt account of all theſe Paſſages we muſt expect whenever he will think fit to publiſh the firſt and third part of the *Memoirs*, which are mentioned at the beginning and end of thoſe the world has ſeen already. In the mean time, what little has happened to fall in the way of my knowledge or enquiries, may be enough to diſcover the impudent Forgery of this falſe Coyner, who pretends to counterfeit all ſorts of Metals, but is ſo wretched a bungler, and performs it ſo groſly, that not one of them will paſs. 'Twas for this Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that the *French* Edition of his Letter pretends to have been printed at *Cologne*, which I have long obſerved to be the Common Forge, or at leaſt the Common Form of Paltry, Scurrilous Libels, printed in that Language; and which no Printer or Bookſeller abroad dare ſet their Names to. This I cannot but mention for the Credit and Reputation of his honeſt Stationer at the *Mitre*, who I believe is the only Stationer in *England* would have had the ingenuity to ſet the *Mitre* on this *Monk's* Head.

The laſt precious piece of his Malice I ſhall take notice of, is, That he grudges Sir *W. T.* even the Honour of his Retreat from Publick Affairs, by which perhaps he has been more diſtinguiſhed, than by his greateſt Employments: But this *De Cros* cannot allow him: No, ſaye he, *p.* 8. *It was not what he would make us believe; his love for his own eaſe, and his indiſpoſitions of body, that made him decline his Employments.* Alas! what a ſad Fate that man falls under, that dares incur the diſpleaſure of Monſ. *De Cros*? or who can tell what will become of him? He muſt neither live at Court, nor at his own Houſe, in pub-

lick

lick Buſineſs, nor out of it; In Town, nor in Country: where ſhall we find a place for him? I know none but the middle Region of the Air: But, *It was not his love for his own Eaſe*, &c. *that made him decline his Employments.* Why? whoever informed this Conjurer it was? I am ſure the *Memoirs* ſay no ſuch thing, but in the laſt Page gives us a quite different account; where, telling his Reaſons why he excuſed himſelf, at his return from *Nimeguen*, from entring upon the Secretaries Office, are theſe Words: *I that never had any thing ſo much at heart as the union of my Country, which I thought the only way to its greatneſs and felicity, was very unwilling to have any part in the diviſions of it.* And towards the end: *After almoſt two years unſucceſsful endeavours at ſome Union, or at leaſt ſome allay of the Heats and Diſtempers between the King and his Parliament, I took the Reſolution of having no more to do with Affairs of State.* Which Reſolution it ſeems was taken about the beginning of the Year 1681. when he ſent the King word he *would paſs the remainder of his life like as good a private Subject as any he had*, &c. as is to be ſeen in the Epiſtle. Yet for all this Monſ. *De Cros*, who knows his thoughts better than himſelf, or than his Actions can inform us, ſays, *Never did man deſire more to have a hand in Affairs.* Why here he ſhews us the ſilly *Bubble* again, and the wiſe way he takes to fulfil this impatient Deſire; 'Tis by going to his Houſe in the Country, where he ſtays five years, as he tells us in one of his Eſſays, without ſo much as ever ſeeing the Town: and ſince (as I am inform'd) to avoid ſo much Reſort at that ſmaller diſtance from the City, he goes to another of his Houſes of a much greater in the Country; which was an admirable wiſe Contrivance to ſatisfie his Longings to get again into Buſineſs: Truly I my ſelf could have helpt him to a Better: For could he not like other men of ſuch a craving Kidney, have ſtill buzzed about the Court, knocked at every dore there, and when one was deaf and would not open, go to another; and at the worſt have grown ſo troubleſome, that ſome body would

would at last bring him into Employment, tho it were but to be rid of him? Or, if this Contrivance had failed, he might have herded among the Factious and Discontented about the Town; gone to the Coffee-houses, railed at the Ministers, and quarrelled with the Government, till they would be glad to have hired him at the expence of an Employment to hold his Tongue: And I am sure if he talks as well as he writes, he might very well have gone this way to work, and with as much likelihood to succeed as *Others have done, or pretend to do.* Tho a Common Reader would be apt to think the Author of these *Memoirs* might have found some other ways, either of preserving himself in Business, or of getting in when he was out; at least in so easy a Court as that of King *Charles* the Second's is taken to have been. Or if these Endeavours had miscarried, he might yet have made some shift or other to have obtained his Desire upon such a Revolution as has since happened; and he is very much wronged by the common Voice of the Town, if he has not found it as hard to excuse himself from entring into Publick Employments in this Reign, as in that of the late King *Charles.*

For my own part, I can profess with the greatest Truth in the world, That before this Libel of *De Cros*, I have never met with in all my Conversation and Reading, with the least Reproach from any man against Sir *W. T.* except it be in one point; Of his having made too rashly, or kept too obstinately, his Resolution, Never to enter again into Pulick Employments; especially since he lives in an Age where such persons as he appears to be by his Writings, might be of so uncommon use and Advantage to his Country: This I cannot but own, I have often heard laid, and that somewhat warmly, to his charge, and must leave it to himself to clear it as he can. But however, *De Cros* it seems knows his thoughts best, and must be believed in all he says upon this Point, as well as the rest: And I only wish, since the Spark is

ſo good at finding out what other men think, that he would take the pains to learn for his comfort what all men think of him: One thing I am ſure is, that with all the Bloaches of his dirty Pencil, he has daub'd up a Picture of Sir *W.T.* which has top-fil'd the meaſure of all Forgery; *Sed Vetitum nihil eſt ſcheleri*, and which is as true and like the Original, as a man would make of this Dauber, if he ſhould ſay, *De Cros* were a very honeſt, worthy, well-natur'd, well-bred, fair-ſpoken, plain-dealing, ingenious Writer; of excellent Morals, wondrous Wit, and exact Truth.

And now I have done with him, I can hardly anſwer it to my ſelf why I ever began, or why I went about to ſoul my fingers with ſuch a Subject: I am ſure nothing could have forced me but an irreſiſtible Impulſe, and ſome natural love I bear to Vertue, to Learning, and to Truth; of all which I find ſo great a ſhare in this Honourable perſon's Writings, which I have read ſo often, and with ſo much pleaſure; and from which I cannot but confeſs to have learnt more than from all other Books I have read in my life; which I ſay after much greater and better Readers than my ſelf, and yet I have been a great Porer too. All this would not ſuffer me to let *De Cros*'s Libel paſs without theſe Reflections; for as to any regular Reply, it could no more be made to this, than to a Paper that comes with a very fair Superſcription, and ſubſcribed by ſome *Worſhipful Name*, but had nothing clear through, beſides long unſightly Scrawls and foul Blots with a Pen; and ſo intended for ſome ſuch flam as your Twelve-Penny Writers uſe to gull thoſe idle people with, that buy up all Pamphlets they meet: And ſince I have confeſs'd my ſelf ſuch a Cuſtomer, 'tis but juſtice I ſhould be laughed at in my turn.

After all I have writ upon this Subject, I cannot but think my Ink has been too white all this time; however, I have Gall enough about me to make it blacker at another,

ther, if ever the fit of Scribling ſhould take me again; which may very well be, when I meet with another Author of ſo little *Wit*, ſo little *Memory*, and ſo little *Truth* as *De Cros*.

——Melius non tangere, Clamo,
Flebit, & inſignis tota cantabitur Urbe.

As to the candid Tranſlator, I cannot forbear doing him the Juſtice to give him that part which he deſerves, and belongs to him in all I ſaid of *De Cros*, for his ſhare in the Letter, by ſo falſe, and ſo malicious a Tranſlation; nor can refuſe him my approbation for a worthy Tranſlator to ſo worthy an Author; wherein he has taken the ſame pains a man would do in ſmutting over a Chimny-Sweeper, or blacking over a Crier of Smalcoal. Which is all I ſhall ſay of him.

But, for the *Advertiſer*, as his Stile is much fairer, and conſiſts moſtly of Criticiſms, ſo he will deſerve no other than very fair and critical Reflections. Yet I cannot but wonder, that in the firſt part of his Advertiſement, he ſhould go about to defend the *ſevere or indecent Language* (as he calls it) in *De Cros*'s Letter: Which ſure, nothing could do towards a perſon who has ſo often repreſented a great King, whatever his own Merits or Demerits might have been. I am alſo ſomething at a loſs what he ſhould mean by ſlandering *De Cros* with ſuch a Title as that of, *The Ingenious Author of the foregoing Letter*. For doubtleſs if the Man has any Wit, I may ſay of it as one did of a Gentleman's Courage, which another had much commended; That *he might have courage for ought he knew, but he had as live be damn'd as ſhew it.*

The reſt of his gentle *Advertiſement* conſiſts, (as he pleaſes to call it) of *the Sentiments of the Criticks upon theſe Memoirs when they firſt came out.*

The first whereof is, That *the Stile was too luscious and affected.* I confess I am not acquainted with that Term of *a Luscious Stile*, and cannot easily stumble upon what it means, unless it be to say, That the Bride is too fair, or the Grapes are too sweet. But 'tis yet harder for my poor Conception to find out how a Stile can be both *Luscious* and *Affected*; Which latter I should have otherwise mistook for a Quality that had ever given a harshness to any Stile, that would not be very consistent with *Luscious*: And *Tacitus* has not escaped the Imputation of being both harsh and *Affected*, by several *Criticks*. I am afraid the Gentleman's Mouth might have been a little out of taste by reading these *Memoirs*; and *that* might possibly have proceeded from some cholerick Humour redundant in his Stomach; which I the rather suspect from these words in the Beginning of his Advertisement; *As nothing more sensibly touches* US, *than to have our Reputation*, &c. which seem to insinuate, that he took himself for one of the Persons he thought offended by them, and *treated with too much Freedom, and too little Ceremony*; as he afterwards speaks of others. But if Sir *W. T.*'s Stile be faulty, I have nothing to say; only desire, That some of the *Criticks* the *Advertiser* speaks of, will be so kind to mend it when they write next, whereby I think they will do a very great Honour to our Language. I am only sorry for those poor Booksellers who have so rashly undertaken the printing of his several Works, and wish they may not be undone after the Judgment of these severe *Criticks* upon them. Yet to give them a little comfort, I must needs take notice, that all men are not of the same nice Palat, neither at home nor abroad: For Monsieur *Wiquefort* concludes his *Memoirs of Ambassadors*, with regretting that there had been so few Accounts given by any of them of Foreign Countries; and that there were like to be fewer hereafter; *Because Monsieur* Temple *is inimitable in what he has*

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written of the United Netherlands. And among many Books and Pamphlets that mention his Works, I have yet ſeen none that does it without great Value and Approbation. I am ſure in all the *French* Editions of his ſeveral Works (which have had the luck to be ſtill Tranſlated into ſeveral Languages as they came out) the Epiſtles and Prefaces prefixed before them, are full of the greateſt Honour and Applauſe that can be given to Writings, which paſs ſo ill with the *Criticks*, this Advertiſer tells us of at home; ſo that 'tis poſſible ſome of theſe *Memoirs* may yet go off, which I ſuppoſe was the chief thing intended by him that publiſht them.

However, let ſuch Stateſmen as *de Cros*, or ſuch *Criticks* as our *Advertiſer*, or Malice and Detraction it ſelf, ſay what they will of the *Memoirs*; I dare anſwer for all Scholars and Lovers of Learning, that they ſhall pay the Honour and Eſteem which is, and will be ever juſtly due to the *Miſcellanea*; and ſhall not only find what is pleaſing and inſtructing, but alſo ſomething that is new and ſurprizing whenever they read them, let this Author's Stile be as *Luſcious* and *Affected* as it will; which is all I need ſay for the poor Bookſellers ſake.

The ſecond Criticiſm the Advertiſer mentions, is upon the Digreſſions, tho he is ſo good to confeſs himſelf not of their Opinion who find fault with them. But I wiſh he had made a fairer Quotation in a Line or two out of one of them, by which he would ſeem to make Sir *W. T.* ſay, That *Prince* Maurice's *Parrot* ſpoke, and askt, and anſwered common Queſtions like a reaſonable Creature: Tho indeed he only ſays, That his *curioſity made* him *enquire from the firſt hand about ſuch a common Story, Of a Parrot that ſpoke*, &c.

For my ſelf, I muſt needs ſay, That that Digreſſion gave me not only ſome Entertainment when I read it, but a good deal of thought ſince; and the more, becauſe

becauſe I remember one of the *Athenian Mercuries*, in Anſwer to a Queſtion ſent them upon this very Story, ſeem'd to allow the thing poſſible. But after all my rambling thoughts upon that Subject, I muſt leave it to better Reaſoners than my ſelf to determine, whether Speech and Reaſon are ſo individual, that whatever Creature has any ſhare in the one, muſt be allow'd to partake of the other. However it be, the Letter I have been lately obſerving, has throughly convinc'd me, that whether a Man may *Speak* or no, at leaſt he may *Write* without *Reaſon*. But this I am ſure is a Digreſſion in me, whatever it was in the Author of the *Memoirs*.

The laſt *Criticiſm* the *Advertiſer* mentions, is, That *in theſe* Memoirs *there are ſeveral Perſons, Eminent both for their Station and Quality, and ſome of them ſtill alive, treated with ſo much Freedom, and ſo little Ceremony*. This in my ſlender Judgment, appears a more extraordinary Objection, than the other two. For I had ever imagined, that the very *Ratio formalis* of a good Hiſtory, or Memoirs, had been the *Truth* of them, which it is impoſſible ſhould ever appear without *great Freedom*, and *little Ceremony*, either to the Perſons they repreſent, or concerning the Actions they relate. And this in my Opinion, gives the great and general Eſteem that is deſervedly put upon the Memoirs of *Philip de Comines*, whoſe Stile ſeems very mean and vulgar, but his *Freedom* great, and *Ceremony* very little, either with thoſe two Great Princes that were his Maſters, or in any Account he gives of Actions, or of Perſons, tho many of theſe were probably alive at the time of Writing or Publiſhing theſe *Memoirs*. But in truth ſince his time, his Method has been very little purſued, and more is the pity, ſince it has made ſo much room, and ſo unworthily, for the fulſome Flatteries,

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and nauſeous Panegyricks of ſo many Books or Prefaces as have over-run the Preſs in our Age; which not only endeavour to put Shams and Cheats upon Mankind; but are, I doubt, of great Miſchief to the Intereſts and Concernments of thoſe Countries where they grow. For let the *Criticks* ſay what they pleaſe againſt writing Story with *too much Freedom*, and *too little Ceremony*, I am a little diſpoſed to believe, That if there were more ſuch *Authors*, there would not be ſo many ſuch *Actors*, as have been ſo often ſeen upon the Publick Stages of the World; who, like Rooks when they are gotten to the Top-branches of great Trees, think only of building their own Neſts as high as they can, and feathering them as well as they can, without any care how the Tree thrives under them, or whether by their Muting and Fluttering about, they ſpoil the Branches and Leaves of that Tree it ſelf where they were bred, or found ſhelter. Peradventure ſuch Actors would not have plaid ſuch Parts upon the Stage, if they had not truſted to the Diſguiſes and Masks they were in, or had ſuſpected they would be pull'd off by ſome *plain, rough hand*, either while the Play laſts, or as ſoon as 'tis ended. For men are ſeldom ſo harden'd, as to grow totally careleſs of their Names, and their Memories, after they are dead, tho they may hope to eſcape while they are alive.

For theſe and ſome other ſuch trivial Reaſons, I muſt profeſs, I cannot joyn heartily with the *Criticks* in this laſt Objection; but ſhall be very glad to joyn with the Advertiſer in believing, or at leaſt in wiſhing, that Sir *W. T.* would be prevailed with by the Letter, or this Advertiſement, to take ſome notice himſelf either of the one, or the other, which might poſſibly make the Preſs ſome amends for this Scribble of mine; at leaſt it would me, who ſhould think my

ſelf

ſelf very well rewarded by it. For whatever Paſſion *de Cros*, or the *Advertiſer*, or any of thoſe U S's he ſpeaks of in the beginning of his ſhort Paper, may have againſt the Author, I ſhall ever have as much Paſſion for his Writings. And as for this of my own, I pretend to no more, than to be forgiven by him and other Men, becauſe it is my firſt Eſſay, and for ought I yet know, it may be my laſt.

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REFLECTIONS

UPON AN

ANSWER

TO THE

Letter from Monſ. *De Cros.*

Pretended to be written by the Author of the *Memoirs.*

By a Lover of Truth.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* 1693.

REFLECTIONS *upon an Answer to the Letter from Monsieur* De Cros. *Pretended to be written by the Author of the* Memoirs, *&c.*

WHEN the foregoing Papers were finish-ed, and just ready for the Press, I was surprized to hear that Sir *W. T.* himself had thought fit (contrary to what I had conjectured in the first pages of those) to take publick notice of Monsr *De Cros*'s Letter; That it was now just come out, and crying about the Streets: Tho I had then several surmises that it might be some Imposture, yet one could not well be more amazed than I was, at a piece of News I had so little expected, and the contrary of which I thought I had so well convinced both the world, and my self. Whatever I expected from it, I was eager enough to get it, and to read it over: My suspicion increased sufficiently, when I had not gone above ten Lines; and when I had perused it, I found my self as much disappointed, as I was by *De Cros*'s Letter; being throughly convinced it was a Counterfeit, (tho a witty one, and perhaps an innocent one too.) For this I found several undeniable Reasons, which I suppose any thinking Reader could not but observe as well as I.

And first, I took notice of the *Exordium* as a little too common and thredbare for that Author; and imagined a worse Writer might have been hard put to it, not to have found a better than, The *importunity of his Friends* for writing in his own defence. Besides, I thought the disguise of it was something mean, and could not conceive why, if that Author had a mind to own it, he

ſhould chuſe to do it in the *Third Perſon*, rather than the *Firſt*.

Another Reaſon is; That this Anſwerer makes him publickly own the *Memoirs*, which I could never hear he has yet done. Nay farther; He makes Him defend them in all parts; which I doubt, if he had owned them, he would not do it any further than the Truth; ſince for the reſt, as the Publiſher of them obſerves, they are in many places imperfect, and uncorrect, by having never been reviewed; and ſo may be juſtly liable to ſome Exceptions of that kind: And the *Galliciſms* upon which *De Cros's Advertiſer* ſays, the *Criticks* have been ſo ſevere, may eaſily diſcover they were not deſigned for the Publick in that Dreſs they have appeared. Now, tho this Pretended Anſwerer endeavours to imitate Sir *W. T.* in this Point, as well as in the uſe of ſeveral other Words which are found in the *Memoirs*, and he imagines a little particular; yet he has made ſo great a diſcovery in ſeveral others, that by conſiſting of two ſuch different pieces, the whole lies too open to deceive. For altho ſuch words as *Blunder*, *Haſ-en Kelder*, *A man of ſuch a Kidney* with ſome others, may well enough become ſuch a Scribler as I am, yet they are very unlike that Author's Expreſſions, and below his Stile.

Another ground I have to conclude this Anſwer for a Counterfeit, is for ſome Quotations which I ſhall never ſuſpect ſuch a Writer as Sir *W. T.* would have made uſe of. As firſt, that poor Line, *Canes qui latrant*, &c. which looks like an *Engliſh* Proverb tranſlated into very bald *Latin*. Then (to mention no more of them) another Quotation as unlike as the firſt, from Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, which agrees very little with that Author's way, who is obſerved in all he writes, to be very tender in medling with controverted Points of State and Government.

Beſides, This whole Pamphlet, tho it muſt be confeſs'd to be ingenious, and written with a great deal of Wit, yet that very ſtrain of *Witting* it ſo much, and running things into Ridicule, makes it look very diffe-

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rent from any thing we have yet ſeen of Sir *W. T.*'s Writings: And I obſerve in ſeveral places of the *Miſcellanea*, this very vein is taken notice of for a thing of *pernicious Conſequence to Learning and good Manners*; ſo that if Sir *W. T.* be really poſſeſſed of ſuch a Talent, he keeps it very much to himſelf, and muſt be allowed for the beſt Diſguiſer of it in the World, through all he has publiſhed; which would make his Readers think that he intended to paſs rather for a Wiſe and Good Man, than for a Witty.

Another ſufficient Reaſon for me to reject this Anſwer, is, That it makes Sir *W. T.* grant in ſome kind, the ſevereſt of *de Cros*'s unreaſonable Slanders, of *failing in his Fidelity to his Maſter*; and to defend himſelf in it, by excuſing it from Examples of that kind; which in my Opinion, would be to lay himſelf needleſly open to Cenſures, that I ſuppoſe, he has not deſerved; and would ſhew ſuch a want of Judgment in him, as I ſhall not be apt to believe from any other Writings but his own, and better atteſted than I find it here.

I ſhall add to all theſe, what I obſerved in an Advertiſement before the Firſt Part of the *Miſcellanea*, where the Bookſeller tells the Reader from the Author, that thenceforth he would never Publiſh any thing without putting his Name to it, which not finding before this Pamphlet, was another Reaſon to conclude it a ſuppoſititious Piece. All which put together, makes me believe Sir *W. T.* was no more the Author of this Anſwer, than of *Tully*'s *Offices*.

When I had ſatisfied my ſelf in this Point, it was not eaſy for me to find out what the Writer of this Anſwer ſhould mean by taking ſo much pains to make it paſs for Sir *W. T.*'s; which ſeems to me a very new way of Writing; and whereof I cannot give any other inſtance beſides this, from what has occured in my Reading or Converſation. I know very well, that ſeveral Ancient Pieces which go under great Author's

Names

Names, are found by the Learned Criticks of these latter Ages, to have been spurious; yet they were never born till long after the Death of the supposed Fathers. I know likewise, that there have been several Laws made in *France*; one, I am sure, in this present Century, against the Printing any Books, under severe Penalties, without setting the Author's Name to them, and their known Name, because some having two Names, one by which they were commonly called, tho the other perhaps were the particular Name of their Family; some Persons disguised their Writings under the Name that was little known, tho it might be their own: To so nice and cautious Cares the Laws there thought fit to descend upon this matter. I remember there was an Ingenious Discourse Printed within these few years in *France*, upon the Custom of using borrowed or disguised Names in the Publishing of Books: But in the Censures and Complaints that Author makes of this ill Custom, I did not take notice of any one Example he mentions, further than of such Books as had been published under Names of Persons dead, or else under such as were wholly fictitious, and made at their own pleasures; which last has peradventure appear'd in most Ages and Countries where Printing has been used, but toucht no Man further than a Satyr of *Don Quixot*, or *Francion*, or any such like. But I have never observed, nor heard of any Example of this kind besides this Answer, where the Author, whose Name was borrowed, was alive, and in the same Kingdom, and so avowedly with the Name of a known Bookseller in the Title-page.

Whatever the intention may have been in the Writer, whether wholly innocent, or a little interessed to give Vogue to his Pamphlet, or in considering the Bookseller's profit by making it pass for an Author's, whose Name he knew would *help it off the* better; yet I cannot but apprehend the Example of it ill, and

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the Conſequences of it may be worſe, if it ſhould fall into Common practice; for by this way of Writing and Publiſhing either Books or Pamphlets, any Man may be made a publick Defamer of himſelf at another Man's pleaſure, and not only *ſo*, but to accuſe himſelf of any Crime which the Rigour of our Laws requires no man to do. As far as my Thoughts will reach, I do not conceive why it ſhould not be as bad to counterfeit a Book as a Bond; and to wrong a Man in his Reputation, as great an Injury, as to cheat him of his Money: This muſt be the reaſon why Slander and Scandal are as ſufficient a ground to maintain an Action in Law, as Damage and Battery: Nothing is an injury any farther than it is taken, and hurts a Man more or leſs, as he is ſenſible of it. Now, tho it may be true, that in every Age there may be more than *Nine Worthies* who put a greater value on their Money than their Honour, yet there may be every where, and at all times, ſome *ſilly Foplings*, who do quite the contrary; and I know no reaſon, why they ſhould not pretend to be ſafe in the Poſſeſſions they moſt value, as well as the others; nor why the Law ſhould not take ſome care of ſuch poor Innocents. Nor further, can I find out why a *Stationer* ſhould not be puniſht for *Forgery*, as well as a *Notary* or *Scrivener* may be. Whether I am too ſerious or no, upon a Subject that may appear trivial at firſt ſight, or whether ſuch a Trifle be worth any legal Proviſions againſt it, I am ſure, *Hæ Nugæ ſeria ducunt in Mala*; and that 'tis at leaſt an *Edg-tool* which ought not to be plaid with.

I could never well comprehend the true reaſon, why it ſhould be ſuch a diſgrace to be a *Cuckold*, or why one Perſon ſhould ſuffer for another's fault, how nearly ſoever related to him: But I can very eaſily apprehend the Injury of it, which is, that one Man ſhould be put upon fathering another Man's Children, or at the beſt ſhould be in danger of it; and this ſeems to be

meant by the word, which at firſt was intended, that a Man was *Cuckoo'd*, that is, dealt with as *Cuckoos* are ſaid to do with other Birds, by laying their Eggs in their Neſts, and thereby making them hatch and bring up young Ones that are none of their own, (for this is the beſt Etymology I can find out for a word ſo commonly uſed). Now, the ſame Injury may be as ſenſible in what concerns the Children of the Brain (as Books have been call'd) which may be as lawful and as natural Iſſues, and ſome Parents may be as fond of them, and as much concerned about them. And tho it paſs for no Crime for People to expoſe their Children when they have no mind to own them, or think they are not able to maintain them, and they may be content any body elſe ſhould father them that will; yet this is an Office no body would be forc'd upon undertaking, how little ſoever it may coſt them, and how innocently ſoever it may have been intended.

I could not forbear to make this Reflection upon this Subject, if it were for nothing elſe but to make good my Profeſſion in the Title-page, of being *A Lover of Truth.*

FINIS.